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## Endowment fund

Mortgage on house in South Boston at 5 per cent.....	\$2500.00
U. S. Steel Corporation 5 per cent Gold Bonds, due April 1963 (2000.00).....	1970.56
Deposit in Brookline Savings Bank drawing 4 per cent.....	1000.00
Deposit in Chelsea Savings Bank drawing 4 per cent.....	1000.00
Cash in bank (idle).....	91.28
	<hr/>
	\$6561.84

The investments of the Endowment fund show a net return of 4.71 per cent.  
Boston, Jan. 1, 1907.

## Supplementary report

Boston, May 1, 1907.

To the President and Executive board of  
the American Library Association.

Dear Sirs. Our last report was submitted under the date of January 1, 1907. In order that you may have later figures on which to base your estimates for the coming year, we now report that we have on hand at this date available balances in trust as follows:

- 1 A balance of the income of  
the Carnegie fund..... \$3,838.35

This balance is available only for the uses of the Publishing board. We expect an income from the same fund during the next twelve months of about \$4,300, which may only be applied for the use of the Publishing board.

- 2 A balance of the income of the  
A. L. A. Endowment fund.. \$56.63

We expect an income from the same fund during the next twelve months of about \$250.

The latter balance you have directed us to pay over for the support of the headquarters, and we hold it subject to the demand of the Treasurer or the Committee on headquarters.

There are no expenses attending the administration of our funds except that of

forty dollars per annum for safe deposit boxes.

Respectfully submitted.

CHARLES C. SOULE,

DELORAINÉ P. COREY,

Trustees of A. L. A. Endowment fund.

*Voted*, that the report be accepted and placed on file.

The PRESIDENT: The Program committee congratulate themselves and the Association that they have been able to secure for us the pleasure of listening to an address by Professor William P. Trent, of Columbia university. Professor Trent is a Southern man with Northern experience, and we feel that he above all others is the kind of man to impress upon our hosts of the state of North Carolina and our friends of the Southern state in general, the importance of books as a source of culture, and the importance of the custodians of books to the welfare of the community. I have great pleasure in introducing Professor Trent.

## ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR TRENT

I shall not tax your patience with profuse thanks for the honor you have done me by inviting me to deliver this address. It is always an honor to be asked to talk to a gathering of men and women earnest in some good work; it is a special honor to be asked to talk to a national gathering

of men and women whose lives are devoted to upholding one of the four institutions that may be fairly said to form the corners of the foundation of modern civilization. That the church and the court of law are essential to the maintenance of civilization is a commonplace, especially to the student of the constitutional history of the English-speaking races. That the school is a third indispensable prop will be denied by none, yet I suspect that we Americans recognize more completely than most other nations do how noble and important an institutional entity it is, how fully worthy to be mentioned along with the church and the court. I doubt whether even we Americans as a people altogether appreciate how entirely worthy the public library is to stand beside the public school and with that beside the free church and the impartial court to form the stable basis of a democratic state. Clergymen and judges have played more conspicuous parts in history than teachers; and teachers, on the whole, despite the modest character of their station, have been more prominent in the world's eyes than librarians; hence the public, whose powers of discrimination are not, to put it mildly, conspicuously keen, has never, I think, adequately recognized the importance of the library, or even of the school, as a factor in civilization. The teacher seems to deal mainly with the young; the librarian with readers, whom many practical persons confound with dreamers; the clergyman and the lawyer, on the other hand, have relations with all sorts and conditions of people. The public forgets that the boy is the father of the man, that the reader is often the thinker, the inventor, the student, to whom a large part of the world's progress is due; and it is constantly impressed by the overt activity, not only of the preacher and the lawyer, but of the politician, the engineer, the physician, the financier, the man of business, the editor, the author, the actor, the artist. All these are so much more in evidence than the teacher in his class or

lecture room, or the librarian at his desk.

But the report of the eye is one thing, the judgment of the inquiring mind is often quite another thing. It would seem to be time for intelligent people to recognize more fully than they appear to do the importance of professions and institutions which are all the more influential and useful because they do not play their parts right over the footlights. This does not mean, of course, that those persons who are connected with these somewhat cloistered professions and institutions should not recognize in their turn that they themselves suffer from the defects of their qualities, or that they should arrogate to themselves superiority over those connected with the more active professions or with factors in civilization that are not somewhat pompously designated as institutions. I have claimed here that the library is one of the four institutions that may be fairly said to bound and in considerable measure to constitute the foundation of modern civilization. This does not mean that the factory and the railroad are not also indispensable factors of civilization. It only means that, in my judgment, you librarians are following a very noble profession, of great historic importance, and that you are giving your lives to the maintenance and perfection of an institution second to none in beneficent influence. I do not believe that the average citizen realizes this fact sufficiently, and I have no hesitation in telling him so, partly because I speak as a man who is not magnifying his own profession, although he knows enough about yours to speak with some authority.

But you did not ask me here to pay you compliments, and, knowing how much any writer and student must depend on your good will, you doubtless presumed upon my sympathy with your aspirations and upon my appreciation of your achievements. It behooves me, therefore, to say little about your past triumphs and your present merits and to be as practical as I can in suggesting lines of future usefulness.

In one respect, however, I cannot leave the past entirely out of account, because I think that that constitutes in large measure the vital principle of your existence. When in writing his beautiful poem on his library Southey began with the verse, "My days among the dead are passed," he stated an essential fact of your lives as well as of his life, and he touched upon a wonderful mystery—the part played by the dead past in the living present. Perhaps it is a misnomer to speak of the dead past at all. Surely the past lives on in the buildings of which you are the custodians. It lives in the proper atmosphere of reverent silence, and, in a very true sense, it smells sweet and blossoms in its dust. Not merely the actions of the just, as Shirley put it, but the actions and thoughts of countless men and women of all nations and of all creeds, of all classes and of all shades of character—the deeds of heroes and the songs of poets—there they live under your protection ready to inspire and direct and warn the generation that now is and the generations that are to come. What other institution so completely links the past and the present as the library? In church, in court, in school the past is sufficiently dominant one would think; but clergyman and lawyer and teacher modify it consciously and unconsciously, and often misrepresent it. You alone do not alter in any way whatever value it has for us. You hand it out to us in the form of a book or document, and you do not come between its appeal and our receptive spirits any more than the perfumer comes between us and the distilled essence of the rose of summers gone. You are the most impersonal of intermediaries, and the dignity that this fact lends your profession is enhanced by the dignity of the past itself, and by the silence that you enforce. We have few or no antiquities and ruins in this new land to aid in developing the dignity of the national character, but our public libraries are no despicable substitute for dilapidated castle and venerable cathedral.

Nor can I leave another phase of this ubiquitous past out of account. The fact

that this meeting is held in the South makes me, as a man born in that section in the very midst of the Civil War, reflect upon the great changes that have taken place in these states within a generation. Conventions were not unusual phenomena in the antebellum South—indeed in the decade before the war they were extraordinarily common—but they were chiefly political and commercial and ecclesiastical; they had little to do with the advancement of knowledge in any form. While the backwardness of the Old South in intellectual matters has undoubtedly been exaggerated, it is certainly true that the entire region had much to learn with respect to democratic cooperation for educational purposes. The whole country had much to learn, to be sure, but the South had scarcely made a beginning, for the simple reason that the social structure was essentially aristocratic and the population a rural rather than an urban one. Even to-day it is not surprising, though it is regrettable, that there is not a library south of Washington that may properly be called great, or a university south of Baltimore that offers full facilities for post-graduate instruction in the arts and sciences. It is even less surprising that the Old South had few important colleges or libraries and nothing approaching an adequate system of primary and secondary public schools.

Still, as I have said, it is easy to exaggerate the intellectual backwardness of the Old South. There were some excellent colleges and several centers of charming urban culture. Richmond and Charleston, in particular, supported magazines which in their day held their own with any published elsewhere in the country, and in each city there were groups of literary men, who, as we look back upon them, seem no smaller than scores of the tiny poets and novelists then making reputations for themselves in more favored urban centers. Indeed, the writer who of all our antebellum authors has won the most widespread fame for originality and artistic power, laid the basis of that fame in

the study and the writing he did in three cultural centers of the Old South—the University of Virginia, Baltimore, and Richmond. And Poe, it must be remembered, had also seen Charleston. Whether a private in the army serving under an assumed name at Fort Moultrie could have enjoyed the society of which such men as Hugh S. Legare and James L. Petigru were ornaments may well be doubted. I have no reason to think that he sought the help which that kindly and energetic man of letters William Gilmore Simms then just beginning his career would gladly have given him, or that he borrowed books from the good collection of the Charleston library society, which even eighty years ago had claims to be considered a venerable institution. But his sensitive spirit was surely impressed by the old-world spirit of a town that must have stirred in him faint memories of the English scenes amid which his early schooldays were passed, and Poe, whom we all know so well, was but one of thousands of able men now forgotten who profited from the traditions of English culture that dominated the older centers of population and wealth between Baltimore and New Orleans. The free schools were execrable, the collections of books to which the public had access were so small and so few as to be negligible; yet in her own way the South educated those of her children who by the old order of things were set apart to govern the State and to superintend the exploitation of the soil.

Now while education may come, at least to privileged classes, without well organized schools and libraries, it does not, in the modern world come without books. The Old South had a fair stock of books and, what is equally as important, it used them. In the early part of the eighteenth century Colonel William Byrd of Westover had about 4000 volumes—a collection apparently not surpassed by that of any other American of his time. Nor was his reading confined to old folios and quartos, for he seems to have quoted "Robinson Crusoe" as familiarly as you or I would do,

when that famous book was not ten years old. Other Virginians secured the latest works of Mr Pope and Dr Johnson by the simple expedient of having their factors buy \$10 worth of new books out of the proceeds of every cargo of tobacco. They also, it is needless to add, had standing orders for pipes of Madeira wine. To these standing orders for books a few Virginians of to-day owe the possession of first editions of some of the chief eighteenth century classics; they do not care to inquire what they owe to the standing orders for Madeira. And it is worth while to remark that it was not the men or the ruling classes only that profited from the books imported into colonies where publishers were almost non-existent. My own mother was taught to read out of "The Spectator" by a female slave.

When the culture-history of the South comes to be written, I have no doubt that a great many interesting facts about books and libraries will be gathered together. Indeed a good beginning of such culture studies has already been made by Dr Stephen B. Weeks and others.<sup>1</sup> The story of the formation of the library of the South Carolina college, which has surprisingly large numbers of incunabula—ranking next perhaps<sup>2</sup> to the McKowan collection at the Sophia Newcomb college, New Orleans—is well worth reading, and I should think that a similar account of the growth of the Virginia state library would be equally valuable. Some private libraries, too, like that of Mr Jefferson, will furnish interesting material to the student. At a later period, I dare say that few men in the South had better libraries than the novelist Simms, who gathered together at "Woodlands" about 12,000 volumes, only to have them burned toward the end of the war. One at least of the books of that library inspired Simms to write one of the most appreciative reviews of Robert Browning that was published anywhere be-

1 See his "Libraries and literature in North Carolina in the 18th century." (1896)

2 See "Bulletin of the University of South Carolina," no. 7, Oct. 1906.

fore the days when Browning clubs became common.

Many of Simms' books doubtless came to him in his capacity as editor of "The Southern quarterly review," and he should not therefore be reckoned a typical collector. There were, however, in South Carolina devoted collectors, some of whom, I am sorry to say, had special cause to regret the fact that Sherman's army did not take another line of march. My friend, Prof. Yates Snowden of the University of South Carolina, upon whose minute knowledge of Southern history I am often privileged to draw, has kindly made out for me a list of 33 private collectors in South Carolina during the generation preceding the Civil War. This list, made on the spur of the moment, yet carefully excluding minor collections, could doubtless be easily increased, but it is amply sufficient for my present purposes. The largest library was that of the Rev. Dr Thomas Smyth of Charleston and consisted of 25,000 volumes, in the main theological in character. The finest collection was that of the Hon. P. C. J. Weston of Georgetown county, rich in "tall" copies. His books were almost entirely destroyed by his slaves, to whom he had been notably humane; and many of his best prints went to adorn the walls of their cabins. Other collectors—more fortunate than he—were able to bequeath their volumes to such libraries as that of the College of Charleston. The classics, history, and French and English literature were naturally best represented, but there were some good collections of scientific books. Further details are unnecessary, although it may be interesting to note that Mr John P. Thomas, Jr has made a list of over 50 old-time South Carolinians who indulged in the luxury of a book-plate.<sup>1</sup> Nor ought I to omit to say that South Carolina is probably the only state in the Union in which a gentleman jockey club has voluntarily disbanded and turned over its as-

sets to a library for the annual purchase of books. I repeat the statement that the Old South had books, loved them, and knew how to use them.

But you are meeting here in what is called the New South, and the Southern librarians among you will talk to you at a special session about problems raised by a series of changes and developments of which the Southern gentleman who quoted Horace and Pope had not the remotest anticipation. Why then do I continue to talk about the past? Simply because I think that in the culture of the Old South is to be found one of the best of reasons for believing that the near future will see a large increase of interest in public libraries throughout the New South, over and above the great interest shown since you met at Atlanta eight years ago. The example set by the rest of the country means, of course, a great deal and has already been very beneficent; but the seeds dropped by the winds of influence need a good soil if they are to ripen into grain. That soil I believe the Southern librarians have. Whatever the South may have suffered since the civil war, whatever the anxiety with which she watches the darkest of dark clouds, whatever the changes her social structure has undergone, whatever the preponderance of material over intellectual and spiritual matters that has been superinduced by the enormous growth of her commercial and manufacturing interests.

I cannot believe that the New South has at all forgotten the truth of the maxim the Old South laid to heart—the maxim that "Manners make the man," or that she is not aware of the fact that without culture—that is without education and books—manners, whether in the large or in the narrow sense, cannot really exist. The tradition of culture which the Old South left to the New, may have been, throughout the generation that is just passing, a form of capital—if I may employ a phrase not inappropriate to this businesslike age—which it has been almost impossible to

<sup>1</sup> See his "Notes on the Origin and use of book-plates," Columbia, S. C. 1907.

realize adequately upon; but that capital has not been squandered and the day is at hand when it will yield ample returns. To put it less figuratively, the librarians of the New South have much to hope for from the fact that they are working among a people whose fathers and grandfathers knew the value of books.

That this is not a chimerical hope that I am holding out may be shown, it seems to me, in a rather clear way. There has been no more conspicuous feature of the South's development within the past decade than the very great interest which has everywhere been shown in the cause of popular education. It is not merely a question of large conventions in which Northern philanthropists and Southern educators meet to discuss educational problems, it is not merely a matter of great benefactions a portion of which is being distributed to needy Southern institutions. It is something more important. It is a kind of educational renaissance that exhibits itself in local educational associations, in gatherings of school superintendents, in large teachers' institutes and summer schools, in the establishment of new high schools, and in many other ways and forms. The educational advance made in the state in which we are now meeting has been, from all I can learn, truly extraordinary, and equally gratifying reports come from Virginia and other Southern states. Of course, the increased wealth of the South and the influence exerted by the rest of the country are in part responsible for this result, but I think we must also find an antecedent cause in the fact that the South was prepared to appreciate the value and need of the movement for more and better schools. That the preachers and the prophets of the new education have not had to address sealed ears is due in considerable measure to the fact that the traditions of the old culture have survived. And so it is that I venture to predict that the pioneers of the library movement in the South, though like all pioneers they will have obstacles to overcome and will profit from the tests to which their courage

and their faith will be subjected, may expect to receive from these same traditions of culture support that will be of inestimable aid.

There has been another sort of renaissance in the South, less conspicuous but still important, one about which I happen to know something personally and one rather closely allied with the work the Southern librarians are undertaking. I refer to the renaissance of historical studies in the South. A good many years ago I had the honor to read a paper before the American historical association at Washington on the subject of the work at that time being done in the South to preserve the materials for its history. It seems a long while back, not only because two great librarians who ceased their labors years ago were among my auditors, William F. Poole and Justin Winsor, but also because I had so little material of importance to communicate. The burden of my paper was what the South ought to do and would do when it wakened to the duty of preserving and studying the memorials of its interesting past. Nearly twenty years have gone by, and, if I were to speak on the same theme today, I could legitimately devote half my time to showing how, in less than a generation, the cause of historical studies in the South has progressed far beyond even what in my optimistic youth I had dared to predict. I am sure I did not dare to predict that within two decades the state of Mississippi would send an archivist to England and Spain to gather documents relating to its past. But I met such an archivist in London last summer, and one of the reasons for my meeting him there is to be found in the fact that the Southern people of to-day set a store by the traditions of culture handed down to them. But obviously, where archivists like those of Mississippi and of her no less progressive neighbor Alabama can reap, there the librarian should stand ready with his sickle.

To talk of harvests, however, is to talk of the future, which means that we have at last got away from that ever brooding

topic the past—not so very far perhaps—for there is a suggestion of the obsolete in my use of the word “sickle,” American harvests being accustomed to fall before more complicated and potent engines of prostration—but sufficiently far for you to lay two flattering unctions to your souls—first that possibly I may at last say something of present and practical value, and secondly that I may be entering upon the final stage of my address. The latter unction you may freely apply; with regard to the former I hesitate to be specific.

It is becoming more and more difficult for an outsider to say anything of present and practical value to people engaged in a special profession or calling. Time was when the librarian and the scholar in the usual sense of that word could be united in the same charming but in the main rather ineffectual person. That day has passed—to the regret of some of us, perhaps, but not, I believe, to the detriment of the world. The man who keeps books and the man who studies them cannot profitably be strangers, but they are probably just as well off for not being Siamese twins.

If this be true, it follows that I can have little to say about your chief objects of study. Problems of storing and circulating, of buying and cataloging, of supplying bibliographical information, of training assistants, of developing departments, of giving momentum to traveling libraries—these and such like important topics lie beyond my ken. I cannot prove to you that you have gone beyond your British brothers in most things—which, I understand, is a matter they are discussing in a patriotically biased way. I can sympathize with your difficulties, but I cannot lessen them. No words of mine will prevent school children told to write compositions on the Pilgrim Fathers from keeping you busy supplying them with copies of the “Pilgrim’s progress.” The young lady who wants a copy of “Scott’s emulsion” will continue to make her well-meant request. The older woman who wants you

to assist in establishing her noble pedigree will hang upon your words until the Daughters of the Revolution cease from wrangling and the weary are at rest. And fortunate are you if you show as much patience and acumen as a librarian friend of mine did, who, when an aged person asked him to give her a book written by an ancestor of hers named Tompsy Kempsey, a monk who lived five hundred years before Christ, gravely handed her out a copy of the “Initiation.”

However much I may admire your activity and your competence, and however little I may trust my own ability to give you counsel, I must nevertheless keep my promise and, in order to prove myself practical, say a few words about your shortcomings. I do not think, in the first place, that you have developed the art of selecting books to the same extent that you have the more mechanical processes of storing, cataloging, and circulating them. With regard to your selection of current so-called light literature I have nothing to say. You know the appetite of the public for fiction better than I want to know it, and you are as capable as I am of grappling with the important question now agitating the English library public, whether “Westward ho!” should be excluded from libraries because it might encourage some little boy to smoke. I am sure, however, from experiences which my students and I have had that it is very difficult even in large libraries to obtain sufficient material for a thorough study of the evolution of American fiction. I have been told contemptuously by an influential librarian that he would not give old American novels a place on his shelves—a statement which would have sounded better if it had come from the lips of a man who had charge only of what we know technically as a circulating library. I suspected, when I heard him make this scornful statement, that I should find many another book important to the student of American literary history absent from his shelves, and my suspicion was speedily justified. Indeed, I



found to my regret that what was true of one library was true of the largest city in this country. Most of the time I was writing my "History of American literature" I was living in the heart of New York City, yet I had to have scores of volumes sent to me from libraries outside the metropolis. I am not in the least surprised or put out when I fail to find in American libraries rare eighteenth century British pamphlets, the special objects of my search now-a-days; but I consider that I have a right to be surprised when our great libraries are not rich in the materials of our own literature and history. Our literature may not be one of the greatest, but it is growing in importance day by day, and not only are we taking more and more interest in it, but the outside world is beginning to ask what our critics and students have to tell about its evolution. Minute students of French and English literature may continue to go to Paris and to London; but I hope the day will soon come when the student of American literature will rarely have to go farther afield than the chief city of his own state.

But it is not alone the student of American literature who finds occasion to question the methods of selection employed by many of our librarians. I have a friend who is a specialist in ecclesiastical history, and he has just given me a leaf out of his experience that may be of some interest to you. It relates, I admit, to a class of books for which there is no great popular demand, but ecclesiastical history is surely a very important department of a great subject, and my friend's experience differs from my own in that it has nothing to do with books that can be in any way regarded as antiquated. Some months ago a German scholar who is perhaps the greatest living authority on ecclesiastical history delivered a lecture which was printed and fell into my friend's hands. In it the great scholar reviewed the half dozen or more recent works which in his judgment had made the greatest contribution to his subject. My friend at once began to

search the libraries of New York, including those of the theological seminaries, in order that he might examine copies of the books mentioned. He found not a single one. He subsequently learned that one of the number had been bought by the Congressional library.

That I submit was not a good showing, and I do not think it an adequate answer to say that in time all those books would have found their way to our largest libraries and that my friend could have ordered copies for himself. He was writing a book, and he needed those volumes immediately; and it is the duty of the great libraries to supply as soon and as fully as possible the needs of the men who by teaching and writing are advancing the cause of the arts and the sciences in our midst. I admit that, as the funds of our public libraries are supplied by the public, the interests of general readers are to be specially consulted, which means that much money and labor must be expended on departments of library work in which the scholar has little or no direct personal interest. But, on the other hand, the public at large is benefited by all the good work that scholars and scientists can do, and hence it is incumbent upon the public library, especially in the great centers of population, to see that the interests of science and scholarship do not suffer. There is, to be sure, no need of extensive duplication. When, for example, the bar association of a town has a good law library, the public library can afford to be sparing in its purchase of law-books, provided access can be secured to the special library by worthy students, and provided, when it is possible, that the public library furnish information with regard to the range and contents of the special collection. All I wish to insist on is that the scholar's needs are in a sense the public's needs, and that, if a public library accepts, as practically all of them do, gifts of private collectors valuable only to scholars, the acceptance of such a gift in itself argues that the public library is willing to

assume obligations toward the scholar. If such obligations are not to be lived up to in the fullest measure compatible with the library's resources and its other duties, then it would seem that any library receiving a donation of books and documents useful only to scholars—and by far the larger number of the books on the shelves of the great libraries fall under this head—should accept such a donation only in trust until a special research library for scholars can be established in that community. But how many librarians consider this matter of equity, and how many owners of valuable collections consider it sufficiently when they are making their bequests?

I would not, however, have you fancy that I am complaining of the amount of attention you American librarians pay to the needs of scholars. When I realize how new this country is and how extraordinarily the range of scholarly and scientific interests has broadened in the past fifty years, I feel much more like thanking you for the magnificent way in which you have applied yourselves to the task of furnishing materials to the scientist and the scholar than like finding fault with your methods and achievements. Still, as I have indicated, you have things to learn and to do, and I cannot help wondering whether there is as close a connection between your Association and the various associations of scholars and scientists as might profitably be formed. I notice, for example, that of late years it has become the rule for the scientific associations to meet in one city at one and the same time, and that this is true also of the gatherings of the historians, the economists, and the students of political science. The students of the languages have not yet attained such unity, but I suspect that they would gain not only by gathering their scattered forces, but also by meeting with you and with the scientists and with the historians. This might tax the resources of some cities, and it would not after all be necessary to have such meetings every

year; but I cannot help believing that large catholic gatherings held at intervals less wide than those between world-expositions would redound to the benefit of every educational and cultural interest in this country. And I should personally regard your Association as the keystone of the noble arch thus formed. You are, if I may change my figure, the center to which we all gravitate. Without your aid we cannot do our work effectively; but the converse is also true—you cannot do your work well without our cooperation. Do you sufficiently exploit the other associations for bibliographical directions of the highest special value? Do you get out of them anything like a fair return for the benefits you confer upon them? If you do not, make your legitimate demands upon them and see if they will say you nay. There is an association or a society for the study of ecclesiastical history in this country. Does its secretary receive from the specialists who compose it information as to the indispensable books published each year in their special division of the field, does he digest such material and communicate the result to your secretary, and does your secretary forward the information thus received to each one of you? I ask this in entire ignorance of your methods, and with no personal malevolence either to your officers or to those of the other associations, whose duties are doubtless absorbing. I may be suggesting what must be to-day a counsel of perfection only. But the counsels of perfection of one generation have a way of becoming, in this fast evolving world, the commonplace performances of another, and I am merely hinting at what I conceive to be some of the good results that may flow from the development of the closest comity between all the associations that represent the efforts this people of ours is making to advance the cause of the world's culture.

As for the comity existing among the libraries you represent, it seems to me that only words of highest praise are needed. Doubtless you will go on developing and

improving the aid, bibliographical and other, that you furnish to one another and, in special instances, as in your admirable "A. L. A. catalog," to the public at large. In view of the natural human tendency to emphasize whatever is most useful to us personally, you will not be surprised when I say that of all the services you perform for one another and the public none is more useful than the distribution of books effected through your inter-library loan system. Anyone who has been enabled as I have been within the past two years to consult at his home library fully one hundred and fifty rare volumes borrowed from other libraries for his special use ought surely to be willing to sing a paean to the resourcefulness and the spirit of cooperation so characteristic of American librarians. Last year, in addressing a State historical society, I expressed the hope that before long every serious student of local history living within the borders of that commonwealth would be able to consult at his home every book or document—at least in facsimile—that might be necessary for his researches. I do not consider that hope chimerical when I recall that it is not twenty years since I made a request for an inter-library loan from the librarian of an important Southern collection of historical material and was greeted with a stare that ought to have petrified me, but did not. That librarian either thought me crazy, or was convinced that I had committed the unpardonable sin. His library existed mainly for his own use; at any rate, it was kept in such disorder that he was the only person who could find a book in it. Now a days he would certainly have a glimmering of an idea of what is meant by an inter-library loan, and, before many years are gone by that library will be of use to students living hundreds of miles away from the town in which it is situated. I have seen even greater changes than that operated in the South, for one of the best college libraries in the section to-day was a few years ago open to students only two or three afternoons a week, less than the

one hour a day given to his library duties at Bowdoin by the poet-professor Longfellow, and its destinies were in the hands of an exemplary gentleman who, when I mildly expostulated with him on the slight facilities afforded to his students for reading, exclaimed in a grievous tone—"Why, if we let them have books, they would soon wear them out." The proverbial trustee who objects to spending additional money for books because the library already contains more volumes than any one man, even a professor, can read, will doubtless continue to hamper us for some time to come, but the librarian who doesn't want to have his books used will soon be as extinct as the dodo. Extinction will also soon be the fate, if it is not such already, of the man who has a document or a book of importance which he does not wish to keep or to sell, and yet cannot dispose of otherwise. I am fond of telling the story of how the executors of a certain Georgia gentleman who had written a chapter of local history solved the problem of what to do with it. Not being able to select the proper heir to receive it and having no public library in which to deposit it, they settled its business forever by burning it. I have never told before the story of how one day when I was working in a Southern library an indignant gentleman came and sat down beside me and asked me in tones which I thought would get us both into trouble, what in the world he could do with some letters, and I think newspapers, that dealt with a certain semi-political event not unknown to minute students of Southern history. Neither the State historical society nor the State library would accept them, for alas! they proved that certain representatives of two old Southern families were after all only flesh and blood in their propensity to engage in personal encounters. My worthy friend was also flesh and blood for he was highly indignant, and I was no better for I laughed in my sleeve.

But here I am back in the past again despite my promises. Only for a moment, however, for, while it is the past that gave us the varieties I am about to speak of,

it is the future that must make them accessible to students. I sincerely hope that you librarians will soon be prepared to take up on an extensive scale either the plan proposed a few years since by Professor Gayley for securing photographic reproductions of rare volumes and documents, or some similar scheme. I understand that through an arrangement between the authorities of the Bodleian and those of the Clarendon press, it is now possible to secure a reproduction of let us say a very rare quarto at the trifling cost of about sixteen cents per page, that is, for about the price at which one could have a page copied, accurately or inaccurately. Certain scholars who are now editing English classics at Cambridge have practically ceased, I am told, to make journeys to the Bodleian, because, thanks to the new arrangement, they can do in their own chambers the necessary work of collating. How much this will mean to American scholars will appear from the fact that a few years since the editor of an early play was subjected to very unpleasant criticism because of gross deficiencies in his text due entirely to the fact that the copyist he employed had omitted a whole page. You will at once ask why he did not detect the hiatus, but a moment's thought will convince you that, while in some cases detection of such an error would follow as a matter of course, in other cases it could come only from a personal examination of the original. What would not that American editor have given for a photographic reproduction made under supervision that would have rendered a similar accident almost impossible! I hope the day is not far distant when copyists will turn their well-meaning but often erring hands to other work, when librarians will order photographic reproductions as casually as they now order a book fresh from the press; when the most impecunious American scholar can feel at liberty to engage in almost any editorial task without having to consider first whether he can beg or borrow the money needful for a visit to Europe.

The best of reproductions, however, will

not satisfy some souls ardent for perfection, and such is the wealth of bibliographical treasures now in the hands of American collectors, who are often very generous, that if scholars knew where to seek for what they want, they might often work to as great advantage here in America as in any library in the old world. What is needed is a catalog of these bibliographical treasures that can be consulted in practically any public library. To collect the information necessary for such a catalog would be an expensive and a difficult matter, but I fancy that if, in addition to the work now being undertaken by the bibliographical societies, personal and local pride were interested in the cause and you librarians individually and collectively lent your aid, the treasures in the great centers at least would be much more accessible to scholars than they are at present. I know of case after case in which students have found out entirely by accident that books they thought accessible only in London might be consulted at the cost of a short trip by street car or railroad. Two years ago while looking over the library of a collector in Boston, I discovered the best collection of the works of a modern writer on whom one of my students was writing a dissertation that could probably be found anywhere in the English-speaking world. There they were; book upon book—some of them copies owned by the writer himself and rendered unique by his manuscript annotations. It is needless to say that that student soon made a journey to Boston and was shown every courtesy by my collector friend; but why should the character of that dissertation have been partly dependent upon the accident of my having accepted a friendly invitation to look over those books?

I feel that it is to you librarians that we who are students must look for the prevention of such accidents. We both know that bibliographical information is the indispensable foundation of almost every form of intellectual work. It seems impossible to get this fact through some people's heads—I have tried vainly to get it

through some scientific skulls—but to you it is axiomatic. It is equally axiomatic that you cannot do all you would for the scholar, and that he cannot do all he would for you without money, money, money. Each and all of us must confront hard-hearted practical trustees and convince them of the wisdom and necessity of our demands. Perhaps it is quite as well that this is so. Struggle is just as much the spice of life as variety, and, if this is true, the life of the library or the university executive is certainly well seasoned. You need money to pay better salaries and thus to induce more men and women of high talents and ambitions and equipment to enter your ranks, you can spend the fortunes of a good many millionaires in new and enlarged library plants, and as for the books you ought to buy—well, if you only stop buying them when we who study and write them stop making demands upon you, I think you will sing your “*nunc dimittis*” not one hour sooner than the day of judgment. In view, however, of all the work that lies before you and your successors between now and that dread catastrophe, it is certainly fitting that I should consume no more of your precious time by dealing out these counsels of perfection. My last words shall be—Remember that there are no men and women living who are doing better work for posterity than you are doing; be confident that the public will come more and more to realize this fact; and be assured that the teachers, the writers, the scholars of America are ready to make common cause with you whenever they can be of service to you.

The PRESIDENT: I am sure I but voice the sentiments of the Association in my thanks expressed to Mr Trent personally as well as officially for the address to which we have just listened. It forms an admirable preface to all the work of the conference, and peculiarly and especially to the next paper on the printed program. I may say in introducing the speaker that it has been the desire of the Program committee to call upon the affiliated societies to

furnish some of their best thought for the consideration of the general session, believing that they have many men whom we would like to hear, and that we could furnish them with a larger audience than their own membership. Therefore I have pleasure in presenting Mr Andrew Keogh, of Yale university library as the representative of the Bibliographical society of America, to speak on the general subject of Bibliography.

#### ADDRESS OF MR KEOGH

On Tuesday, April 18, 1775, Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds went to dine with the poet Cambridge at his villa on the banks of the Thames near Twickenham.

“No sooner,” says Boswell, “had we made our bow to Mr Cambridge, in his library, than Johnson ran eagerly to one side of the room, intent on poring over the backs of the books. Sir Joshua observed, (aside) ‘He runs to the books, as I do to the pictures: but I have the advantage. I can see much more of the pictures than he can of the books.’ Mr Cambridge, upon this, politely said, ‘Dr Johnson, I am going, with your pardon, to accuse myself, for I have the same custom which I perceive you have. But it seems odd that one should have such a desire to look at the backs of books.’ Johnson, ever ready for contest, instantly started from his reverie, wheeled about, and answered, ‘Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. When we enquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it.’”

This saying of Johnson embodied an idea so striking in his day as to be thought worthy of record. To-day it is commonplace. The acquisition of knowledge grows harder as books multiply and the boundaries of knowledge widen, and a mastery of methods of investigation is now the highest aim in education.

A similar shifting of the emphasis has taken place in the field of bibliographical endeavor. Bibliography has hitherto considered books chiefly as relics of the past or as works of art. This form of bibliog-